

Green Book

—
1927



In recognition of their patient,
persistent correction, their wise counsel,
their infectious ambition, and their guiding,
Christ-like spirit, to these, our friends,
and esteemed teachers, to

Professor Munro

and to

Professor Spangenberg,

we dedicate this, the fourth number of the
fourth volume of

THE GREEN BOOK

FOREWORD

The Green Book makes its last bow for 1927. Twice a semester the members of the College Rhetoric Class have presented in it the best of their writings, thoughts, and fun.

This year we have built on the foundations of past books; we trust we have left a higher standard in each department for the class to come.

We have made the book a part of ourselves, or rather become a part of it. We have sacrificed a bit, learned a bit, worked a bit, striving to keep it worthy of E. N. C.

We wish our friends as much pleasure in perusing as the editors have had in compiling this Commencement edition.



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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Editorials

Managerial

The Cross Iva Darling

The Bay at Night Ransford Hemmings

Mother and Daughter Ruth White

Enduring Riches Edwinna Wilson

The Awakening Ransford Hemmings

Our Campus Dorcas M. Tarr

Students Commit Crime Cleo Goodwin

The Proving of Janet Ruth White

Thinkings

Hurrygraphs

Gleanings

Autographs

College Life

Ads



EDITORIALS

Our Seniors

There still remain, in the fancy of all who ever anticipated entering college, scenes which thrill the heart and sweetly foster ambition,--a spacious campus with green velvet lawns, leafy trees, long, winding drives, sunny tennis courts, beautiful, ivy-draped buildings,--here and there bounding along the walks an impish "Freshie" with his boyish skullcap. But that is not all imagination paints in your picture. For down the gravel path comes a man clad in a dignified black cap and gown.

In this man are bound up the glory of the college, the immediate hopes of worthy laurels; wrapt up in his life and character are priceless memories, memories inspirational to the highest good. He is a Senior.

The last months of a Senior's college life are crammed with happy activities. As the realization dawns that the crowning day is at hand, there creeps over him a peculiar thrill of joy mingled with pangs of sorrow. His services for Alma Mater are performed with more love than "school spirit". Retrospection solemnizes his heart, for those days of college activity with their hours of toil and joys of companionship are past, and life, which always has been charmed with that rosy hue of more or less protected youth, now sternly looms ahead. How he, a wondering Freshman, was welcomed by the older students and introduced to the beautiful campus with its old buildings and lively inhabitants, how he was frenzied by Greek and by the stern, heartless professors, how he was counselled through conflicts with principalities and powers, how he slowly climbed from class to class, from pinnacle to pinnacle, from victory to victory, from matriculation to graduation, buffeted, battered, misunderstood, disliked, loved, rebuffed, encouraged, handicapped and hindered, but a victor,--all sweeps over him. The hours of fellowship in sports and in labor for the honor of the school are like apples of gold. Not for wealth unlimited would he exchange the words of counsel, the character-molding, influence

of noble professors. It is they who ingrained in the Freshman lasting ideals, who spurred the Sophomore and Junior along the royal road of plodding to perfection, who impressed on the Senior his responsibility and his capabilities for service.

And now, peering into the future, he sees the need for men of holy character, powerful minds and hearts. Standing on the threshold of life, urged on by devoted, unselfish teachers, filled and thrilled with high ideals, noble zeal, and a passion for service, but held back by long cherished ties and the sorrows of parting, he hesitates.

Fine characters, keen intellects, big souls,-- these Seniors are our pride, our glory.

Like the Seasons

In the fall, nature robed herself in her most gorgeous colorings with reds and yellows flaming here and there among the deep greens and dull browns. Later in the season she began to lose her foliage, and prepared to settle down for the long winter. With the coming of spring the campus was made beautiful with masses of pink dogwood, and boughs laden with apple-blossoms.

Life, too, at E. N. C. has its seasons not unlike those of nature. In the fall many vari-colored personalities appeared on the campus. Dashing reds and brilliant yellows were mingled with more sober browns. School life began. Before long, when the icy storms of winter came, some few dropped from the courses, while the rest buried themselves in studies and the drab hum drum of school life. After the long winter's grind, after braving of storms, each of the students, answering the urge of spring, has put on a new self, a self of greater vision, and brighter hopes.



APPRECIATION

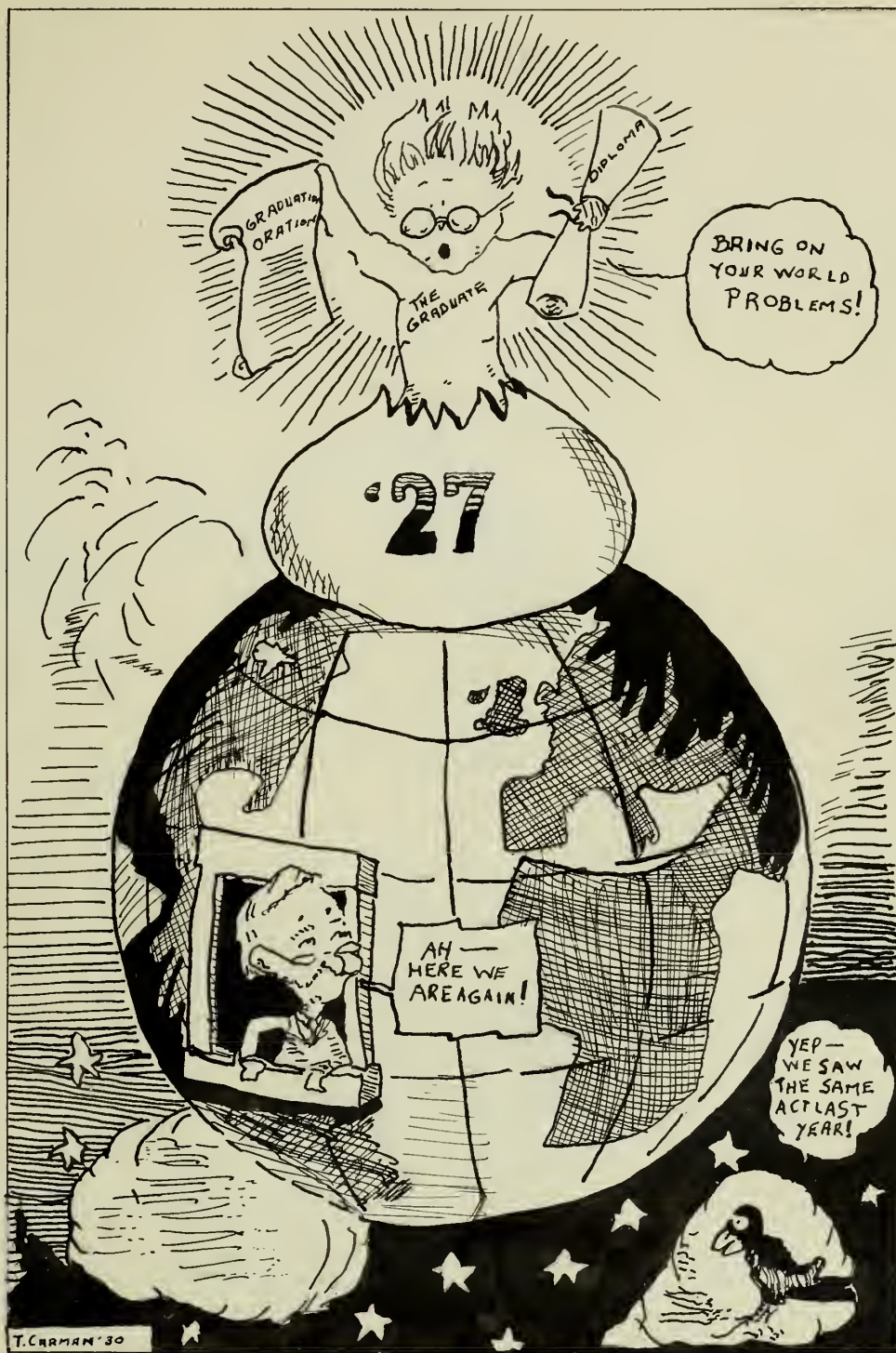
The editors extend genuine thanks to the staff members for their patient labors, to the Rhetoric Class members for their generous contributions, to the librarian for his gentle guardianship, to the readers for their interest, and to the staff of The Orient for its spirited competition.

MANAGERIAL

The Business Manager's task of collecting the filthy lucre and jealously guarding the bag, is a thankless labor. But at the end of the year with the last number successfully published, he feels a sense of appreciation.

For your loyal backing, members of the College Rhetoric Class, we thank you. It has been the blending of splendid art work with careful typing which has supplemented the literary work and made our Green Book a success.

To next year's Green Book we wish even greater success than the staff of 1927 has had throughout this year.



THE CROSS

It was the day before Easter and there was an Easter feeling in the air. I went out to the car alone and started for a long drive to enjoy the out-of-doors. I drove slowly and thoughtfully, not noticing where I was going. When finally I did look about me, I found myself on the outskirts of the city of Lowell and passing a Roman Catholic Church. Groups of people were entering a large gate. Merely out of curiosity, I followed them.----How can I describe what I saw? I doubt if there are words to express my feelings.----In an open space groups of statuary on pedestals were separated by beautiful flower gardens. Each one was like a miniature room depicting a scene in the story of the cross.

In the first was Pilate, washing his hands; before him stood Jesus. On His head was a crown of thorns, and a look of love and tenderness mingled with suffering was on his face. He seemed to be looking down at me, and His eyes asked me the question, "What will you do with me?" There was deep peace in my heart as I answered, "I have settled that question, Lord."

I looked at this a long time, and then went down the walk to the next scene. Here the guards were strapping the cross on Jesus' back. He had bent over in order to make it easier. On His face was still that wonderful look of love and pain. No matter what position He was in, His eyes seemed to follow me. Now they were saying,

"See that I have borne for thee,
That thou mightest ransomed be
And quickened from the dead."

The next showed Jesus climbing the hill with the cross upon His back. Urging Him on were the guards. And still His tender glance followed me.

I walked slowly to the next scene. Here Jesus had fallen; around Him stood the guards. One was kicking Him, but the look of suffering on His face was still filled with love, and always His eyes looked at me.



In the following group, Simon took Jesus' cross for a while. Up the hill they trudged, followed by the crowd. This time He was facing me and He seemed to look me through and through. Everything of the past came before me; only, I knew the sins were forgiven, and He knew, too. But I saw and He saw places where I could have done better; I promised that I would do so, and He promised to help me. Then His lips seemed to move and I almost heard Him say,

"I gave, I gave my life for thee.
What hast thou done for me?"

It seemed as if I could never tear myself away from here, but finally I went.

In this picture He had fallen again, this time prostrate on the ground. On His back, once more, was the cross. How He suffered! And to think it was for me--for me! Yet, during my short life, with the exception of two years, I have continued to make Him suffer. How could I have done it?

As long as I live, I shall never forget the last scene. In it they had reached the hill and were nailing Jesus to the cross. On each side was a guard driving spikes through His hand. From them blood was trickling down and forming little pools. Another guard had crossed His feet and was nailing them to the cross. From this wound, also, blood was flowing. I stood and look and wept. Into my mind came that old hymn,

"There is a fountain filled with blood
Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners plunged beneath that flood
Lose all their guilty stains."

Never before had the meaning been so impressed upon my mind. Almost an hour I stood here. I never can tell what I thought and what Jesus seemed to say; I would not if I could.

From here some stairs led to a life-sized cross. On it hung Jesus. I stood at the foot of the cross and looked at Him. Still He looked down at me. His eyes

told me of His love for me. They spoke of many who did not know Him as I did, and whom I could help. I thought of those lines,

"When I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss
And pour contempt on all my pride."

How little sacrificing I had done! but His look told me He would help me to do more.

How long I stood here I do not know, but finally I started back to the car. I turned once more for a last look at the cross, which may be seen for miles. I thought,

"On a hill far away stood an old rugged cross,
The emblem of suffering and shame,
And 'twas on that old cross Jesus suffered
and died
To pardon and sanctify me."

But as I stepped into the car, I was not sad, for in my heart I was singing that chorus,

"Up from the grave He arose
With a mighty triumph o'er His foes.
He arose a victor from the dark domain
And He lives, forever with His saints to reign!"

I. M. D.

THE BAY AT NIGHT

As soon as we were clear of the mouth of the canal, the land began to fade into a dim mass. The night was black and clouds hung low near the earth. There was not a breath of wind stirring and the surface of the bay was like glass, for our boat rocked not at all. Ahead of us, to the south, was a bank of lights. Some of these were reflected on the water, though coming from a city three miles away and with marshes lying between them and us. Their reflection on the clouds cast a dull glow over the whole southern horizon, like the reflection of a distant fire. To the east was a long row of steady lights, intermingled with flashes and an occasional direct beam. This was the beach causeway. Behind us, the only trace of our starting point was the red light marking the mouth of the canal. I had been near the miniature lighthouse sheltering this lamp, in the daylight, and had thought it rather superfluous and unnecessary on an inside bay like this. But this evening, out in the inky blackness of the bay, in a small yawl, the red light seemed the only connection between me and the world I was used to.

My companion rowed toward the obscurity of the westerly shore, along which lay the best crab grounds. A sudden rumble caused him to stop rowing and listen, with his head turned. The boat coasted along silently and we seemed to float in space. Another rumble came, accompanied by a flash. "An early fall storm. No night for crabbing," my companion said, and, with a strong pull, turned the yawl for home.

A slight ripple began to ruffle the surface of the bay, the darkness in the west grew darker, if that were possible, and Walt rowed hard. The red light beckoned to me and I fully appreciated it, at last. Now the ripples became wavelets, the wavelets, waves, and a strong wind blew with increasing gusts at my back. I busied myself packing up our equipment and, when I next looked up, at the sudden roar of rain, the red light had faded in the veil of water and we were alone with a thunderstorm on the bay.

R. J. H.

MOTHER AND DAUGHTER

"Ah jus' can' understand it. Ah knows it ain't jus' plain badness, 'cause ma Sunday school teacher told me 'at ah had a pretty white heart fo' such a black face. But, ah shore does feel queer. Whoop--ee! How ah would like to disobey orders an' run, an' jump, an' turn somersaults, an' climb fences, an'.....ah, anything' awful, ah guess. Whew! An feel like ah'd bust fo' shore. But ah must be ladylike, am Mothah done say so. Pshaw! ah jus' won't made fo' to be nice like Mothah."

Thus Sheba soliloquized as she sat alone on the steps, chin cupped in chubby dark hands, black eyes focused despondently on the silver buckles on her new patent leather shoes.

When Mrs. Jackson, Sheba's mother, was a child she had been demure and sober-eyed. She had secretly longed for pretty clothes and dancing lessons such as white girls had. But it took money to feed eleven little black faces; and Mrs. Jackson had had to eat cornbread and wear calico like the others. And right then, in those childhood days, she had vowed with all the pent-up passion of unfulfilled desires that her little girl should have pretty clothes and dancing lessons. She would be a little lady! And from the moment that the hospital nurse placed in her arms a little squirming bunch of brownness, she had endeavored to carry out her vow.

But the little brown-skinned girl was not delicate and demure. She was sunshine and west wind stirred into one. The mother strove to make up in clothes what the child lacked in nature. She refused to see her tom-boy tastes, and Sheba suffered alone. Mrs. Jackson told her that she could try and that was all she would expect of her. The poor girl tried to show her mother that she couldn't make a success of it, but it was all in vain.

Sheba shook her tight curls furiously.

"Wish ah had 'em all clipped off. Wish ah didn't haf ta wear hair-ribbons and lacy dresses and patent-leather shoes. Still, ah shore would like to do what Mothah wishes. Shore do love mah Mothah. Shore would like to be like huh."

A long sigh followed these musings.

That evening after dinner Mrs. Jackson's younger sister blew in the front door like a whirlwind. She was like that, Rassy was. She rushed in, rushed around, and rushed out again, before any one had drawn a breath. She wanted her sister to help her get up a church basketball team to play the other church teams in town.

When Rassy had gone, Sheba volunteered, "Mothah, why did you! refuse huh?"

"Because, dea', I wasn't made fo' playing such games."

"But yo' could try, couldn't yo'?"

"Yes, but ah wouldn't make a success of it. Ah don't like sports like Rassy does."

Suddenly Mrs. Jackson dropped her sewing. This conversation sounded strangely familiar to her. It came to her in a blinding flash of comprehension. This was what her little daughter had tried and tried to tell her. "She didn't want to be a lady."

She laid aside her sewing and called Sheba to her.

"How would yo' like to help Rassy?"

"Whoop-ee, an' I can have a regular basket-ball suit!"

At last they understood each other, Mother and Daughter.

R. B. W.

ENDURING RICHES

A well-known evangelist in expounding the scripture, "What shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul," was heard to make the following statement: "The approximate wealth of the world is \$600,000,000,000. If you had that amount of money before you in a huge pile of silver dollars, and should count it piece by piece at the rate of one dollar per second for ten hours a day, 60,000 years would roll by before the task would be completed!"

What a startling statement! And can it be possible that each one of us is of more value than the whole world? Yes, not in the terms of gold and silver, but of a price infinitely greater than coined dollars in hidden wealth, an asset to every young person who is willing to pick up each coin as the opportunity may present itself.

Among the golden coins we find a spotless character, wisdom, an iron will with the power of choice, various talents, and a good education. Among the silver coins we find achievement, service to mankind, a good reputation, a striking personality, happiness, and health. Then, too, we will always find the coppers among the gold and silver: kind words, cheery smiles, a friendly handshake, gentle ways, a thoughtful deed, and the little commonplace gifts which make our companions happy. Just as the silver coins may be had when we have the gold coins, and just as the coppers are necessary as a medium of exchange, so will the fundamental principles of our lives yield an abundant fruitage, leaving a sweet fragrance with those whom we influence.

The supreme object of life should be to raise personal value. There is some thing of infinitely more importance than the mere amassing of dollars. A life is not its best until the ideal becomes the real, not as we see it, for we are continually placing our ideals on a higher standard, but in the eyes of the world. Enduring riches are accumulated by conscientious and perfect workmanship, but they cannot be begged as alms nor assumed by a defeated and impoverished purpose.

Hidden wealth has often decided against gold and silver as a subordinate power.

When Queen Elizabeth was told that she must die, she cried frantically, "One-half of my kingdom would I give for a moment of time!" Why? Because the wealth she possessed had to be left behind. She could not carry it with her to the grave. But when Charles Wesley, a man of sterling Christian character, and the writer of that well-known hymn, "Jesus, Lover of My Soul" was about to go out into the dim unknown, with a serene countenance he said, "How beautiful it is!" What a contrast! One had spent her life in luxury, hoarding her gold and silver; the other, a slave to humanity, had lived to serve.

If we, as young people about to begin our respective careers in a cold and cruel world, should take an inventory of our lives when we are alone with our thoughts, how many would be satisfied, and how many would find themselves sadly lacking in the wealth which endures to the end? Would it not be wiser to choose the better part which yields an abundant harvest than the gold and silver which is finally a burden, esteeming our hidden wealth greater riches than the glitter of gold and the unwholesome pleasures of the world? To every one of us the words of James Russell Lowell come as a solemn warning:

"Once to every man and nation comes the
moment to decide,
In the strife of Truth with Falsehood
for the good or evil side;
Some great cause, God's new Messiah,
offering each the bloom or blight,
Parts the goats upon the left hand
and the sheep upon the right,
And the choice goes on forever, 'twixt
that darkness and that light."

M. E. W.



THE AWAKENING

It was the dusk of a cold November day. A group of us fellows were gathered in the lounge of our fraternity house and other fellows were dropping in and taking seats on the outskirts of a group near the fireplace. This group centered about a tall man of indeterminate age with a hard, firm jaw and cool, grey eyes. He could not have been over forty as evinced by the absence of any grey in his thick brown hair and the slenderness and erectness of his figure. He was listening to the conversation of three or four of the best athletes of the university. Young freshmen sat respectfully quiet in the flickering shadows cast by the burning logs. Their gaze rested first on the great men of the present into whose inner confidence they could never hope to penetrate and then on the great man of the past, the great Hobbs, once editor of the university weekly, honor man in his class, and now owner of one of the largest publishing concerns of the East.

Hobbs was visiting the old fraternity house and we all were putting ourselves out to do honor to him. The varsity men, however, serene and confident in their own success, were discussing things not familiar in detail to our visitor, but evidently having the same general tone he had heard so often in his undergraduate days; for he suddenly said, in a lull in the conversation, "Let me tell you fellows of an experience I had in my sophomore year here. It marked the turning point of my college career and my life, too."

"When I first came to college, having read a great deal of cheap literature, I was dazzled with the glamour of social contacts and the good times I expected to find. I looked more for a beautiful campus, shady walks, fair co-eds under the trees, groups of fellows standing talking in front of stately buildings--a mental picture I had drawn from cheap short-stories written by armchair authors--more than I did for higher education, deep respect of my fellowman, and those other spiritual things so much sought after. I did not have to search far for my ideal; in fact, the day I arrived, escorted by a 'rushing' upperclassman, the scene on the campus was just what I had looked forward to. I was entertained by fraternities, met dozens of fine, congenial fellows and nice girls, and



spent the first three weeks of the term in a continuous round of 'rushing'. I finally joined the old fraternity.

"It did not take me long to make myself a part of the activities on the campus. I volunteered for every service I thought I could perform, many I couldn't perform, and became known all over the campus. I went out for crew, track, and the following year, football. I achieved some success on crew and track and played a little football as a substitute.

"I had been given a room with a long, thin fellow from Texas. He was at the Agricultural school and intended to revolutionize the beet-sugar industry of the United States. He was so quiet that I seldom had much to do with him and for two years knew him only as MacKenzie.

"Well, I sailed along fairly smoothly through my first three terms. Studies had always been a superficial part of life, and I was content to pass with two or three points above the danger line.

"At the beginning of the fourth term, my name had become a byword. It was, "Appoint Hobbs, he'll do it;" "Give it to Hobbs, he can always produce results," and so on. This term the many duties that had been piled on me (to my secret pride and delight) and my training for crew had so tired me that one afternoon I went up to my room and lay down.

"I suddenly found myself standing before the Registrar's Desk, hat in one hand and my eyes glued on a blue slip in the other. I was 'busted out' ! It seemed unbelievable. I slowly pulled myself together, and read, at the bottom of the slip, "You are given twenty-four hours to leave." I made for the door. On the campus I passed groups of students who stared at me curiously. I overheard scraps of conversation.

" 'Hobbs is busted on account of marks'. 'Well, he never studied an awful lot, did he?' 'Always chasing around on committees, wasn't he?'.....

"Many other things I heard, also. I got to my room,

and counted my money. Enough to carry me home and to wire beforehand. I sent a 'frash' out with a wire to my folks and packed. The ten-blocks walk to the depot was three infernos boiled down to their best tortures. I passed fellows I knew. They eyed me coldly, pityingly in some cases. All the world cried, 'Failure'! Gone were the back-slaps and smiles with which they had handed me jobs before. No one stopped me to express any regrets. As I stood waiting on the station, a panting figure came rushing up and my roommate, seizing my hand said, brokenly, 'Sorry, old man, sorry as I can be. Hope you can get back on probation next fall. I suppose your folks will be awfully broken up about it'.

"That was it! Mother and Dad! I had never thought of it that way before. The heartache I had caused would never be forgiven me, I felt certain! Blindly, I shook his hand and climbed on the last platform of the train. It gathered speed and my college career was finished.

"I stood on the platform as we sped past the campus. I could see the old tower above the bare trees, the athletic field along the railroad, groups of happy fellows on the paths, and then tears shut out my vision. I staggered up the aisle and sank into a seat to prepare myself for the look on my mother's face as she opened the door. Or maybe she would be unable to open the door! Maybe they would not open the door. Such agonies ran helter-skelter through my mind till the hum of the wheels caused drowsiness to overtake me.

"I was awakened by a shaking hand on my shoulder. The conductor had come to collect his fare. He seemed awfully familiar and kindly for a conductor.

"'Wake up, old horse, it's supper time. You're howling like a demon on the fires'".

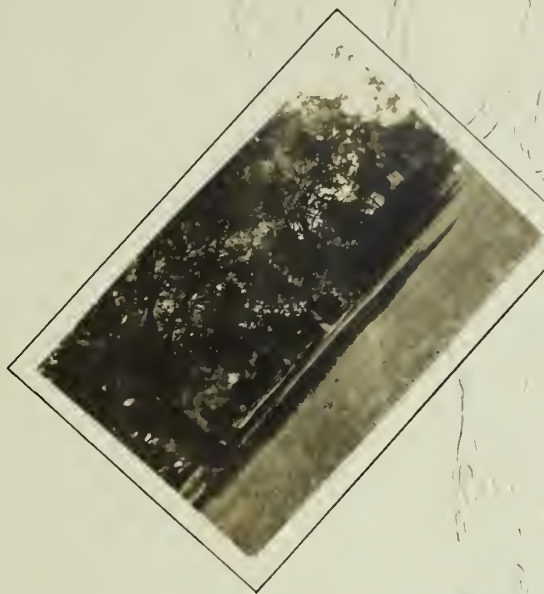
"Slowly I raised my tear-filled eyes and saw--not the conductor, but Mac!

"It had been a terrible dream! I was not busted! Mac smiled kindly at me and said, 'Why the tears, Hobbs?'

"I never told him. I was not busted and I said to myself, 'The Lord helping me, I never will be'.

"I never have been."

G B



THE CAMPUS

If you do not love E. N. C., you should visit it in the springtime. The campus is just awakening. It blinks its eyes and the buds burst; it stretches out its long arms of weigelia and in its tousled hair there is a fuzzy bit of green or white at the end of every branch.

The magnolia bush lures one past the gate posts to examine more closely its waxen loveliness. The dark leafless twigs and the delicate flesh-colored blossoms are in pretty contrast. On the left is the stately Mansion, which somehow resembles a Southern plantation home with its wide verandas, pillared portico, and glass doors. The long slope of green lawn in front gladdens the eye. At the foot of the lawn stands the guardian of the Mansion. The old pine tree is far enough away to see all that goes on; it always looked tired to me. Its gnarled arms reach down invitingly low.

If you walk around to the side veranda, you see another expanse of green velvet and always some robin poised gracefully on the grass. Through the trees there is a flash of white from the players on the tennis court. A little pine tree is growing sturdily in front of the lilac hedge. It looks full of expectancy and every time one looks at it, one sees the promise of the tree to come.

On the other side of the driveway is the lawn where the fairies play--if fairies ever visit E. N. C. In the day time the squirrels and starlings gambol there. It is sheltered from the curious eyes of students by a garden of trees. The red-bud tree flaunts its brightness among the other tall shrubs that are touched with the yellow-green of new-born buds. There is a suggestion of a path among the trees that winds around the dogwood lane and then loses itself at the foot of an old tree with a bench around it. The bench is weather-worn and seems a part of the tree. Maybe on the side that sinks a little the queen holds court when the moonlight calls the nymphs.

D. M. T.

STUDENTS COMMIT CRIME

Recent reports show that there are atrocities being committed in the European History class of Eastern Nazarene College every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday. Several students are involved.

The European History class is composed of about thirty students, a large number of whom are Freshmen, with a few Sophomores, and even one Junior. These students all have good intentions, but their report cards are more realistic than idealistic. Their conduct in this particular course is totally unbecoming to college students. The Professor lectures the whole period to people who are giving their attention to everything else but history. Not all are guilty, however, for some take the lecture verbatim. But it isn't uncommon to see Anna writing a letter to her father, Jessie working geometry problems, Tom studying his German lesson, "Shiek" eating an "Oh Henry", Helen writing a note, Hibbert and Larrabee fighting, Dorcas studying Greek, or Carmen drawing pictures. These are only a few of the outrages, for there are others who are guilty of doing worse things than have been mentioned.

Just how these students will be punished cannot be decided until June. The judges will give their decision after the final examination.

C. V. G.

THE PROVING OF JANET

SCENE 1

A room in the nurses' home in the New York Hospital.
Enter three girls in uniform carrying books. Tinie, Gladys, Janet.

Tinie: I'm glad classes are over for another day. (They all drop their books on the table and sit down.) I have my two hours off now and--oh, yes, by the way, I'm being transferred to Ward K tonight. Isn't that breath-taking?

Gladys: Breath-taking! It's better than that, little one, it's supermalagorgeous! You'll be right across the hall from me!

Tinie: I'm not "Little one", Gladys MacIntosh Williams! And furthermore, how much do you think you've improved on "breath-taking" by adding supermalagorgeous?

Gladys: A thousand pardons, Pussy; didn't mean to ruffle your fur. (A pause). What's the trouble, Janet? You're most awfully quiet for you.

Janet: Oh, nothing in particular. I was just thinking how wonderful Miss Cox is to us in class. I'm always sorry when the bell rings. I do wish I could show her how splendid I think her. If I could be one-tenth as fine as she is, I'd give all my worldly wealth.

Tinie: Which is at the zero point at present, eh, Janet?

Gladys: Don't be priggish, Tinie. There are other kinds of riches than money and if you owned half as much as Janet does--

Janet: We're off the subject, girls. I was speaking of Miss Cox.

Tinie: Yes, I know. Let's go out and get the air. Want to?

Gladys and Janet: Crackerjack! Grant's Tomb and back!
Bus Number 5!

(The three girls go out)

SCENE 11

Miss Cox's room in the right wing of the Nurses' Home.
There is a knock at the door.

Miss Cox: Yes?

(The door opens and Janet comes in smiling. She carries a package half hidden behind her).

Miss Cox: Hello, Miss Kennedy. Come in, won't you?

Janet: I won't be intruding?

Miss Cox: No, no. I like to have you come. What--oh--
Janet!

Janet: I noticed that your roses were fading. I've brought you some to take their place. It's nothing.
(Miss Cox puts them in water and they sit on the divan).

Miss Cox: Janet, I've heard some glorious reports about you--

Janet: You couldn't have. I've done nothing glorious. If I could make people love me as you can--

Miss Cox: Bosh, Janet. I do wish I could make you realize what the Operating Staff thinks of you. I just heard today--

Janet: Oh, that is nothing. Any one can supply an M. D. with sponges and instruments, but it takes "pretty much some one" to keep the world at her feet.
(A silence. Then--)

Janet: (Rising) As much as I'd like to stay, I'm reporting on duty at 6:00.

(Janet goes out)

SCENE 111

Broadway, New York. Much noise and excitement. The world seems to be made of newspaper boys. They rush hither and yon, crying a special. Their news turns every smiling face to seriousness. Anxiety is written on Broadway. The United States has entered the war!

SCENE 1V

The porch of Miss Cox's summer home in New Jersey. Mrs. Cox, her mother; Emily, her sister; and Margaret and Lois, girl friends.

Mrs. Cox: I do wish Eleanor could be home more of the time. It isn't fair for that hospital to always absorb her.

Emily: Well, Mother, that's what a profession does to a girl. You must expect it.

Margaret: Don't you think we are rather selfish? Eleanor is so talented. We shouldn't expect her to throw all of her roses at our feet.

Lois: She ought to be here soon, now. Did you say that Mr. Cox went to meet her?

(At this moment a car swings up the driveway. Eleanor waves. She has decided on the way out, that she will speak of enlisting. She feels it her duty to "go across".)

Miss Cox: (After greeting every one). Oh, it's good to be home for a few hours. (Turning to her girl friends)-- How sweet of you to come over. Marg, I hear that you are cutting the fruit for the wedding breakfast next month.

Margaret: (Dreamily) Yes.
(A pause).

Mrs. Cox: Yes, Eleanor, when you decide to give us a few moments, we certainly appreciate them.

Mr. Cox: (Coming up the steps). You see, daughter, we love you too much.

Eleanor: Don't tell me that, Daddy, I'm going to need your love and faith, all of it, very soon. (They all look at her anxiously). I have decided that I ought to go to France.

Mrs. Cox: Why, Eleanor, are you crazy?

Margaret and Lois: Oh, Eleanor!

Miss Cox: (Weakening). Why the disapprobation?

Mrs. Cox: (At the point of tears). Eleanor, you mustn't throw your talent away like that! You can do just as much good here.

Mr. Cox: Ridiculous, Eleanor! Ridiculous!

Mrs. Cox: What will Jack say? Think of Jack, Eleanor! He will not allow you to go.

Eleanor: Well--but--

Mrs. Cox: France! (She shudders). Oh, no, please don't say you are going there, Eleanor. You'll be killed!

Mr. Cox: Now don't go into hysterics, Mother. Eleanor isn't in the trenches yet--and she's not going. We all need her too much. Dr. Buckley needs her--she has kept him waiting too long now! Poor Jack.

SCENE V

The main hall in the hospital. Enter Janet and Tinie.

Tinie: So you are going across, Janet? When did you decide?

Janet: Yes, Tinie, I'm going. It has been growing on me ever since the United States entered. I'm going to call up Mother now to tell her.

(She leaves Tinie and goes to the telephone).

Janet: Yes, Mother, this is Janet. No, I'm in perfect health. No, I called up to tell you that I'm going to France. (A pause). Mother, please don't talk like that; it will only make it harder for me. Yes, I must go! I don't know why, but I'd feel like a criminal if I didn't. I know I'm not much good--but perhaps I can do just a little!

(Another pause). I knew you'd take it that way, Mother; you're a brick!

SCENE VI

Thirteen months later in an improvised hospital on the outskirts of the little city of Molière just back of the lines. Janet, Dr. Oughterson, and two officers.

Janet: This ghastly business is getting me.

The Doctor: Don't lose your courage, Miss Kennedy. You've done splendidly, and this God-forsaken country needs you.

Officer: But, girlie, don't go over the lines tonight. It would mean death. A raid is expected. Better stay here with your wagon.

Janet: But I can't stay here when I know how they are suffering.

Both Officers: Think of yourself a little. You must!

Janet: Myself? Oh, I don't matter.

It is night. The threatened air raid is on. The black world spurts flame at irregular intervals. Janet, as every night, is on her way to the first line just over the knoll. She tells the driver to stop, and proceeds from the ambulance with "Pete", a young French boy. It is so dark. She stumbles along over the rough ground. Once, she almost falls over a dark form. As she pulls herself together she hears a low moan. A flash of light tells her the story. The flow of blood from the leg wound that she sees will soon take his life. She must get him to the ambulance. It is only a few steps away. She calls to Pete. He comes.

Janet: Easy now, Pete. That's it. Now, just a few steps and we're there.

Pete: Let me lift him in.....All right.....

Janet: Take it slow, driver.

(On the way back Janet stops the blood flow as best she can in the darkness and eases the man's position. They reach the hospital and take the man inside).

Dr. Oughterson: Miss Kennedy, what's the trouble? You're not going to faint?

(As the light shines on the wounded man Janet has recognized Jack Buckley. She thought him in America).

Janet: No, I'm quite all right. Will you operate at once?

Dr. Oughterson: Yes.

SCENE VII

In the hospital several days later. Janet is sitting at a desk staring at a newspaper. Enter Dr. Oughterson.

Dr. Oughterson: You look worried, Miss Kennedy. Is there something I can do for you?

Janet: Yes, Doctor. It is a name on this death list. Could you send a cablegram for me? She dictates:

Eleanor Cox:

Jack lives.

Janet Kennedy.

R. B. W.

TH I N K I N G S

Why I Don't Believe in Study But do it

"Much study is a weariness of the flesh", says the greatest philosopher that ever lived. The flesh is the sustenance of life; in fact it is life itself. Then why abuse flesh for the sake of the mere attainment of knowledge? What will knowledge give you in return for its cost of shattered nerves, furrowed brow, unattainable ideals of achievement, and numerous impossible desires?

Study takes time,--really the best time of one's life. It, therefore, hinders you from the many things that life is made up of. You cannot keep up with current information nor with the many duties of responsibility to your home and community. Neither can you participate in most of the pleasures which others around you enjoy.

How much are you going to remember of the French irregular verbs, the formulas of mathematics, the theories of Hume, and the details of the Hundred Years War? You study to forget. In fact it is necessary to forget in order to learn something else. "Oh," but you say, "you have to remember in order to build up knowledge". You remember the principle, but each little detail would be a burden to you and of no value ten years from now.

But I study (sometimes) because I cannot get by without it. Every time I try to bluff I am discovered and have to do it anyway.

R. E.

The Rose

The rose soon fades, but the fragrance of its beautiful petals captivates us and lingers in our memory. Our lives are short at the most, but we can make them so fragrant and beautiful in spirit that those who have known us will feel forever the strength and nobility of our character.

A. P.

NOSTALGIA'S BALM

Up over a rocky slope, through a few shrub pines, out into a bit of space carpeted with long, fresh grass, past a low, cozy cottage, along a winding, rock-bedded path among a cluster of straight, slender spruce, and you are there. It is a little paradise nestled among the trees on the summit of the hill, five minutes' walk from the city, but shut off completely from the world and communing only with a sky of matchless blue. Just before you lies a toy lake of clear crystal water, a veritable mirror. Only about a foot in depth, it has no banks. Its supply comes from a deep, limpid stream winding through banks padded with needles from the grove beyond. The tiny outlet slips down over the incline with its minnows, pollywogs and waterbugs. From the carpet of earth covering the pretty grey ledge on the right blossom lady's slippers, birds-on-the-wing, and mayflowers in abundance, adding a little more color to the scene and spicing the air with their fragrance. On the left is a rocky little knoll, graced by a proud, beautiful birch.

Resting your lazy head on the moss, listening to the caw-caw of a distant crow and the soothing hum of spring forests, gazing with gloriously contented eyes at the beauties before you, what more could you ask?

J. E. R.

Oh, for a Mood!

"Oh, for a mood!" I overheard this remark from one of the girls in the hall, and how it suited my case! All the way home from work I have racked my brain for a subject on which to base my weekly theme, but spring, which usually fills most minds to overflowing with new ideas and sensations, seems to have left me with a restless inability to concentrate upon any one thing. My thoughts fly from cathodes and X-rays to apple pies, and the cherry blossoms outside the window; but there is no lasting impression of any. That is, there is no impression lasting enough to make up a weekly composition.

"Perhaps," I think, "writing in my diary will give me an idea." But my diary is most prosaically written up to date and the muse has not yet put in an appearance. Then it occurs to me that writing personal letters to some old friends might bring me out of myself and turn the trick. But alas, I have composed four dull, dry epistles, and my theme is still unwritten.

I have put water-wave combs in one girl's hair, have discussed clothes, especially shoes, with another, and with two other neighbors have even gone so far as to discuss material for themes. At last, desperate lest I arrive in class tomorrow with no theme and no evident attempt made, I have written down facts as they are, and at the end of all this, I am as insensible as ever.

H. M.

Smoke

You have seen the rising of the thick black smoke in the air. How great, how heavy it was. As it rose slowly it looked as though it could endure for ever. But alas! Soon it began to grow thinner, and thinner and thinner and then it was gone. It is just so with many of our dreams. At first they seem grand. How we dream of this thing and of that thing. But before long just like the smoke they begin to diminish until soon they too are gone, gone, and gone.

S. P.

Just Bug Affairs

Isn't it odd how we pass the same thing day after day, and never see it? Then when we do notice it we wonder if it has been there all the time. The other day I was going down the walk, when I noticed for the first time a small niche. I stopped and looked into it. There I saw a little bug family. They seemed to be having bug lunch. I could almost hear them talking about bug affairs. The little ones were telling the dad and mother bugs about what had happened at bug school that day. I think the youngest one received a bug 100 % on his paper, because he seemed so happy. I took a stick to pick up one of them, but when I did, my whole bug family left their bug lunch and scurried off. I suppose they thought I was going to hurt them; but I wasn't.

I. D.

Idle Fancy

"Is he a fool or a genius?" was asked me of a certain person the other day. I did not dare to judge. After all, there may be somewhere in our College Rhetoric class a latent spark of genius which may come to light in later years. Then won't we be proud when we recall that we studied side by side with a creator of fine phraseology and original thought. Could it be possible? Ask the editors.

R. E.

Euclid Avenue

Euclid avenue about seven-thirty in the morning is not the same street that it is later in the day. The cars linger at the stops and idly make their runs while the few passengers drowsily look out of the opened windows. Here and there is a pedestrian slowly finding the way to his office to start the day's business. Once in a while a gust of wind sweeps down the silent street and makes little whirlwinds as it tosses the autumn-dust into the air. A piece of ice is melting on the sidewalk where the iceman has left it for the office owner. The janitors of the business blocks are busy washing the big show windows to make the advertising displays leave a better impression on the passers-by. In front of the restaurants one sees several trucks backed up to the curb unloading into the side-walk elevators provisions for the day. Then occasionally a street-cleaning truck swishes by, flushing the streets with high pressure pumps. There is a glimpse of an employee in the upper story running the flag out on the staff. A sharp whistle and a shout, a newsboy at the corner, happy and bright, is actively selling his morning papers.

T. C.

Color

I sat on the stone wall at the beach. Three little boys dressed in red and blue were playing at my feet. It was a warm, gray-blue, sun-and-shadow day. The tide was almost in. Choppy, I think you'd call the sea; I would call it playful. And the wind was playful too. It chased all of the color out of the water, or tried to anyway. It started at the very edge and faster than a balloon leaves its moorings it blew--out.....out. It was as though some one had thrown a handful of dark green dye at the water's edge, then "broomed" it, until the sea wasn't even bottle green any more.

R. W.

H U R R Y G R A P H S

Exams, Exams, Exams,
Those things that make us cram.
Up late nights and early morn;
Sometimes we wish we hadn't been born.
-----Here they come!

Harold G. Gardner

Last winter "us girls" didn't even dare to open the
door a crack--whiz-z-z--zz-am. Snow-balls! But now, it's
spring! Every one of those snowballs is tied fast. Just
ask the flower committee!

Ruth BeVier White

There is an end to all things. College Rhetoric
weekly contributions are no exception.

Ruth Isabel Ede

As I gaze into the window
At my roommate lying there,
I wonder who will wind the clock
When I am far from here?

Ransford John Hemmings

A forward look toward vacation brings us happiness;
does a backward look over the year's work produce a
sense of satisfaction or of regret?

Ella Marie Hyneman

Our Freshman Year; a thing of the past.

John Eckel Riley

GLEANINGS FROM THE MONTH'S READING

A Conservative
Modern American Poetry

Charlotte P. S. Gilman

A new-fledged butterfly was sitting in the garden, sad and forlorn. He was bemoaning the fact that his legs and fuzzy fur had disappeared, and in their place were only flapping "wing-things". He did not know that wings were made to fly. Unconscious that he was a gorgeous black and crimson butterfly he only wanted to squirm. The moral would apply to human conservatives. Yesterday we did not know our lack and today we do not appreciate what we have, but blindly try to climb back into our chrysalis.

D. T.

Apology for Idlers

Stevenson

The author says he has something to say against diligence. If one reads all the time, one will have no time for thought. If a lad cannot learn in the streets, it is because he has no faculty for learning. Knowledge is all around you if you will but look. The idler has time to take care of his health and his spirits; he has been a great deal in the open air, which is the most salutary of all things for the mind and body; and if he has never read the great Book in very recondite places, he has dipped into it and skimmed it over to excellent purpose.

"Extreme busyness whether at school or college, kirk or market, is a symptom of deficient vitality; and a faculty for idleness implies a catholic appetite and a strong sense of personal identity." People who have only one occupation do not have curiosity, and do not take pleasure in the exercise of their faculties for their own sake. An "all work and no play life" is not the kind that brings success in life. One should be grateful to those who season one's way as well as to those who carry on the world's business.

A. F.

Youth and Age

Bacon

"Your young men shall see visions, and your old men dream dreams". A vision is a clearer revelation than a dream. Bacon concludes that young men must be nearer to God than are old men in order to get such clear revelations from Him. The young mind is more imaginative, more active, and more capable than an old mind. Yet the errors of young men are the ruin of business; they jump at conclusions too quickly; they take more than they can hold; they stir up more than they can quiet, and use extreme remedies at first.

M. A.

Apparitions

Browning

The bank of moss looks starved until the violets are born. The sky is scowling until a star comes out. The world is walled about until I see God's smile on the face of a friend.

D. T.

Editorial

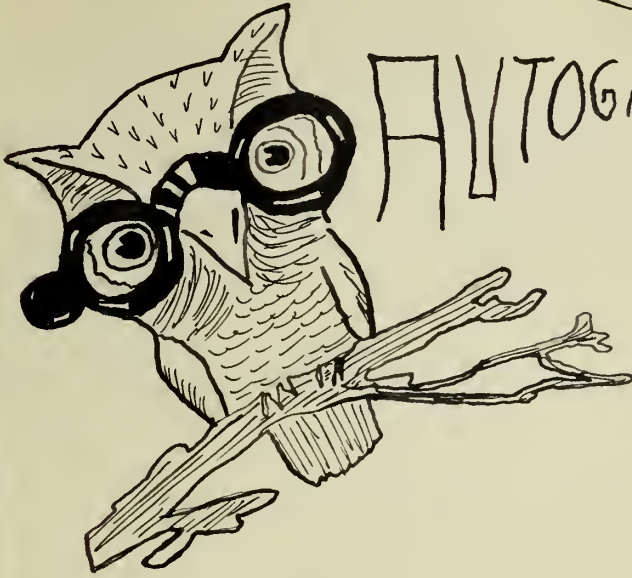
Nazarene Messenger

Dr. J. G. Morrison

"God pity the cowards! Gideon couldn't keep them in his band, the United States' army shoots them at sunrise, and the book of Revelation states that they head the list of those damned in perdition!"

"Any person who takes advantage of the helplessness of another is a miserable coward! If you can't fight fair, play fair, live fair, act fair, then hasten to some desolate region where you can hide out and never meet another human. You're a FIZZLE with capital letters."

K. T.



AUTOGRAPHS



Bertha Munro

Alice Spangenberg

Carleton W. Erickson
 John F. Larrabee
 Virgil M. Hoover.
 Ernest L. Darling
 Albert E. Perkins
 Alton G. Perkins
 John Eckel Riley.
 Ernest James Myatt
 Helen M. Stebbins
 Elizabeth H. Curle
 Helen E. Gierbert
 William H. Hayward
 Cleo Goodwin
 (Lindford) Cummings
 Garol W. Stahl
 Adelaide C. Freer
 Ruth Belliste
 Ruth M. Lane
 John Victor Dickey

Edwina Wilson
 Helen L. McKee.
 Arthur J. Pickens
 Harold G. Gardner
 Alwood P. Hibbert
 Jessie E. Weaver.
 Luan M. Darling
 Ruth I. Ede
 Lottie May Jordan
 Elizabeth W. Knowles.
 Dorcas Mine Jarr
 Dorothy Miller "dot"
 Ella Marie Hymenay
 Myrtle Albright
 Helen Maxwell Pillsbury



Sign seen on Erickson's door:

"If I'm studying when you come in, wake me up."

E. Mann: When I arrived here I had only a dollar in my pocket. With that small amount I made my start.

Nickerson: What did you do with the dollar?

E. Mann: Wired home for money.

R. J. Hemmings: I feel like Minerva today.

E. Darling : Minerva who?

Hemmings: Minervous wreck.

Mr. Morse: Doctor, can you cure me of snoring? I snore so loud that I waken myself.

Doctor: In that case I would advise you to sleep in another room.

Prof. Esselstyn: How did the ex-queen Marie Antoinette behave before the guillotine?

H. Sloan: Oh, just like a woman. She lost her head completely.

E. Martin: Hibbert, play "Out of My Dreams"

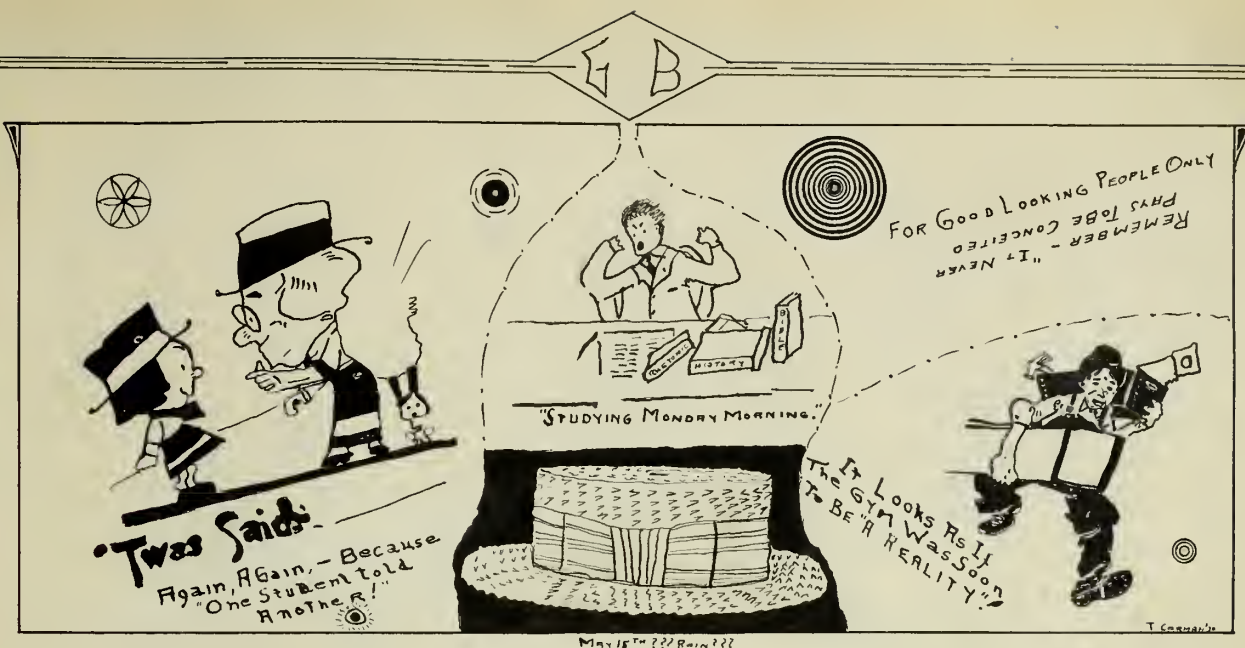
Mayo: No, play out in the hall.

In Rhetoric Class

Prof. Spangenberg: Mr. Deware, will you please describe the sounds of three different auto horns.

Mr. Deware: Well, there is a Chinese horn-"Hong Kong."
Then there is a horn of Fowl make--"Peep-peep".
Lastly, we have a Ducko horn which sounds like the nightly love-call of a freak pelican.

Virgil, relating a part of Christ's Galilean ministry--
"From this place he crossed over the Sea of Galilee and healed the dumb dominican."



T. Carman: Well, I answered a question in class today.

Erickson: What answer did you give?

T. Carman: Present.

Ten Years Hence.

Student in Astrology class: Professor, the barometer has fallen.

Prof. Esselstyn: About five feet?--it's broken!

Pres. Nease: (In Homiletics Class)

Mr. Randall, can you tell me what natural repugnance to religion is?

Randall, musingly: I haven't read the assignment, but isn't it something like bad air in a church?

Prof. Esselstyn: And so, because it was feared that Napoleon might attempt to establish a monarchy in France, he was banished to Elba. He was told to--

Interruption from rear of room: Geddy, Napoleon, it looks like reign.

Olive: How did Tom happen to miss his train?

E. Mann: Did you ever see the steps just before you get to the tracks?

Olive: Yes.

E. Mann: Well, he didn't.

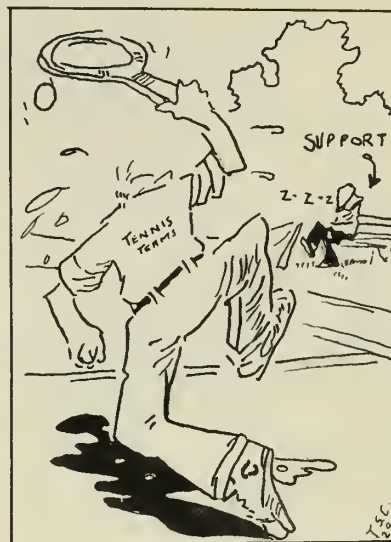
Prof. Spangenberg: What is the most common impediment in the speech of the American people?

Hibbert: Chewing gum.



THINGS THAT
NEVER HAPPEN

E
N
C



LET'S SUPPORT
THE TOURNAMENT

Lanky: I'm just a little stiff from tennis.

Stranger: Pardon me, where did you say you were from?

Miss Fess: The picture of the horse is good, but where's the wagon?

Miss DeSalvo: Oh! the horse will draw that.

She, at 9:45 P. M. What bell is that?

He.. The one right up there on the wall.

Martha: Do you play on the piano, Arthur?

Nick: Not when Ma's around; she's afraid I'll fall off.

Bush: Have you ever had trigonometry?

Mac: Nope, but I've been vaccinated.

Clarence, in his thesis: "Mary, Queen of Scots, married a man named Darnley. She suffered a slight breach with him; he was murdered."

Miss McKee: You know the proof of the pudding is in the eating.

Miss Lane: Yes, but remember, I'm no test tube.



Prof. Gardner: How far are you from the correct answer?
Helen McKee: Two seats.

Prof. Esselstyn: What can you tell about nitrates?
Alexander: They're a lot cheaper now than day rates!

Troyard: What kind of shoes do you think I should get
to match these golf socks?
Gardner: Hip boots.

T. Brown, wanting some graham bread--only crusts left on plate.
Say, Josh, see if you can't get us something beside
heels, please.
Miss Emery: May be Mr. Brown would prefer a whole Foot(e).

Ed Mann: I saw a sad sight yesterday.
Larabee: What was it?
Ed Mann: A one-armed fisherman trying to describe the
size of the big one that got away.

Carman: I think there's something dovelike about you.
Milly: Oh! Really?
Carman: Sure, you're pigeon toed.

Who was Shylock, Aunt Helen?
My dear! And you go to Sunday school and don't know
that!

WEATHER-BAD ENOUGH

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The Last Gasp

EXTRA! (POOR)

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COMMENCEMENT (OF TROUBLE) NUMBER

Senior: I'm indebted to you for all I know.
Prof. Gardner: Don't mention such a trifle.

Hemmings, (after fishing trip): Who caught the biggest fish?

R. Bowers: Ask Arthur Morse, he has the longest arms in
the party.

Carol: Mr. Sayward, I hear you are a good guitar player;
how about it?

William: Well, I'd rather not say as I dislike to brag
about myself.

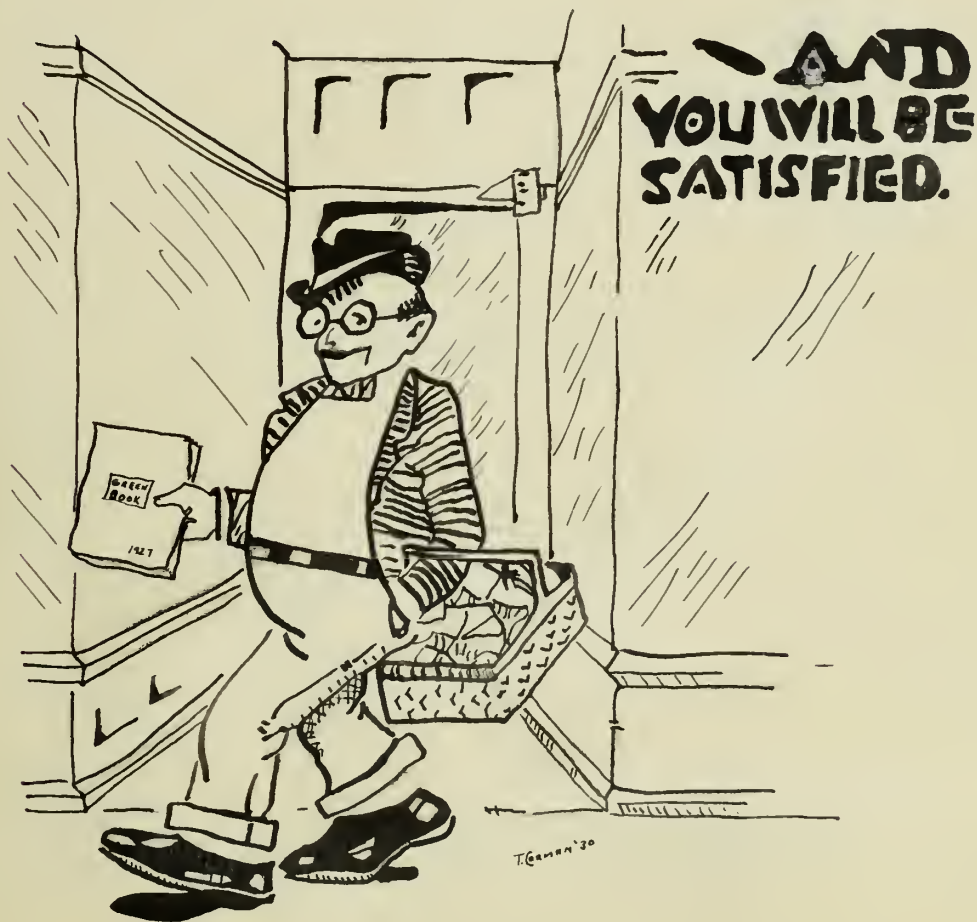
Herr Temple's slogan:
Two socks on the feet are worth one on the chin!

Prof. Nease: Give a list of synonyms for the word dollar,
Mr. Lane.

Lane: Dollar, buck, bone, berry, plunk, iron man, semolian,
ducat, bean, shekel, peso, eagle, and one-grand.

Beneath the spreading knowledge tree,
The wise collegian stands;
Far wider spreading pants has he,
With time upon his hands.
And the bone between his flapping ears,
Is thick as iron bands.

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